

**THE IRISH NEWS**—Will be published on SATURDAY mornings, at 510 Clay street, 12¢ cents per week, payable to the carriers. One year.....\$5.00 | Six months.....\$3.00 Three months.....\$1.50 | Invariably in advance JEFFREY NUNAN.....Editor

## NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

Sept. 21, 1867.

The whole country is still in a state of alarm caused by the astonishing daring that performed by the Fenians in Manchester on Wednesday last. It continues to be the subject of conversation everywhere. Fenianism has "gone by fifty percent" since the occurrence. The feeling of satisfaction is general. Conservatives as well as Liberals speak of it in a tone of good humor, and appear to enjoy the immense surprise which it must have given the Saxons. This feeling is manifested chiefly because the act was not only boldly conceived, but was successfully executed. Men who would have nothing but censurings of its folly and madness if the attempt had proved a failure, have a word to say on that score now. The English papers, on the other hand, give very sore about the whole business. They see the alarming and unpleasant side of it. To the English people it is no joke to know that in all their chief centers of commerce and manufacture an Irish political conspiracy grows and flourishes, and acquires strength and daring sufficient to undertake the most desperate enterprises. They cannot resist a feeling of alarm under such circumstances; the discreditable conviction forces itself upon them that they are surrounded by a danger which they cannot grasp, and menaced by an enemy who has possession of an important position and is, in fact, "within the gates."—Cor. Irish American.

Fenianism in Cork, and Tipperary is bad enough, but Fenianism in Manchester, Liverpool, and London is, to the English mind, intolerable. Englishmen want to go on buying and selling weaving, and founding, and mining and eating, and drinking and enjoying themselves without interruption from any party. They have no objection that their country should be carrying on a war in India, or robbing the people of Japan, or burning American ships at sea, or sending Irish "rebels" to prison. But they want that on their own soil there shall be no interference with either their business or their pleasure. But here comes this Fenian Society to trouble their peace, here comes Irish vengeance across the Channel, and takes up its abode in English towns and cities, and watch grimly for its opportunity to strike! This is the welcome inusion, this is the serious aspect of the case as it now presents itself to the mind of the "sister country."

A man named Patrick Ryan, residing at the ninth Lock, Grand Canal, near Clondalkin, was recently found dead under peculiar circumstances. Deceased, it appears, was returning on Saturday evening from Dublin, with a horse and dray, and when near his own house the dray must have been overturned, as it was so found, deceased being dead. He was married only a fortnight to a woman whose first husband met his death by drowning.

At a meeting of the Board of the Catholic University, held recently, Henry J. Tyrrell, Esq., Fellow of Royal College of Surgeons, Member of the Royal Irish Academy, and Surgeon to the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, was elected Professor of Surgery in place of the late Professor Ellis.

Queen Victoria recently the new Oaths and Offices Bill, repealing some of the old penal statutes, and enabling Catholic mayors, sheriffs, judges, &c., to attend church in their robes, as in the case of Protestant officials—for the first time since the so-called Reformation.

The body of a man named Patrick Newmam, late of 32 Beresford street, Dublin, was recently found floating in the Royal Canal, at Ballyquigge bridge, by a person named Hoey, residing at Daly's Cottages, Phibsborough. The fact that about 14 lbs. weight of stones were found in the pockets of the deceased, leads to the supposition that he committed suicide.

WILLIAM R. ROBERTS, F. B.

The Sisters of St. Dominic gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$1,500, the proceeds of the late lecture delivered by the Rev. Father Buchard in St. Ignatius' church, on the 10th inst. In doing so they tender their thanks to the Rev. Father for the great interest he has taken in the welfare of their school, and for his kindness in leading the great influence of his name and learning for the benefit of their institution. To the public likewise they tender their grateful thanks for their high appreciation of their efforts in the cause of religious education, shown by the generous liberality with which they responded to this first appeal for assistance.

An exchange says: "A poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been swallowed, intentionally or by accident, may be rendered instantly harmless by swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a very strong constitution should take twice the quantity. This oil will neutralize every form of vegetable or mineral poison with which physicians or chemists are acquainted."

A cable dispatch says that Allen and four others have been sentenced to be hanged in Manchester. The trials of other prisoners, implicated, are progressing.

## IRISH

VOL. VIII.] SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



## NEWS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1867. { NO. 9

## MATTERS MATRIMONIAL.

"Father, where is our Jamie to-night—Jamie so bold and so gay? The nightingales are falling now, Why does he stay now?"

Jamie is handsome and manly too, And he will be good and great; But, father, why is our darling boy A-staying away so late?"

"Our noble boy is a child no more, He has grown to man's estate; He has gone a courting Minnie Gray, The reason he stays so late;

For her golden hair and her eyes of blue, Have stolen his heart away.

And he goes in the holy twilight hour, A-woeing sweet Minnie Gray."

"Why does the maiden lure him away, Now we are growing so old? And we have shielded him all his life, Our love has never grown cold; The maid can never live as we

Have loved him all these years, Who have led him along the path of life, Sharing his smiles and his tears."

"Our Millie, remember, long years ago, When I was handsome and gay, And you a maiden fair and sweet, That you still my heart away,

I had a brother, old and gray,

And a mother kind and true.

Who loved me kindly all my life—

But my heart went out with you."

A blush crept over her withered cheek,

Her eyes shone clear and mild,

No longer she chid the lovely maid

For winning away her child:

Sought she of the long ago, when she

Stood close to her lover's side

In the little church, and the man of God

Made her a happy bride."

SIX LOVE-LETTERS.

"Are there any more of these letters?"

When her father asked this question, in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say "no," and not say "yes," but as an intermediate course decided to tell the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great armchair, and the letters in voice of thunder:

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered him, as, indeed, she did; and the girl, trembling and weeping arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self, grown older, came behind her husband's chair and patted him on the shoulder.

"Please, don't be hard with her, my dear," she said, coaxingly, "He's a nice young man, and it is our fault after all as much as hers, and you won't break her young heart I'm sure."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair ma'am," said Mr. Richmond.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27, 1867.

*Mrs. Thomas Clark Luby:*

Respected Madam—I have the honor to enclose a bill of exchange, in your favor, for Two Hundred Pounds sterling (£200), to be expended by the Ladies' Committee on the families of the impounded prisoners.

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Catholic University, held recently,

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With this remark, Mr. Richmond put off his hat and over-coat, and departed.

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

"It's so naughty of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But oh, dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with me. I ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick has such fine eyes, and so pleasing, I wish I could soften your papa."

"When he has seen the letters there'll be no hope, I'm very much afraid," sobbed Miss Lucilla. "Fred is so romantic, and papa hates romance."

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George T. D.

"He used to be very romantic himself in those old times," said Mrs. Richmond. "Such letters as he wrote me, I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him."

"So does Fred," said Lucilla.

"And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful (he thought so, you know,) I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Richmond.

But she dared not promise that he would.

She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down, then went up into her own room to put the letters in her desk, and as she placed them in one pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle tied exactly as those were, and drew them out.

These letters were to a Lucilla also. One who had received them 20 years before—and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lovers' letters were all so much alike.

Half a dozen—just the same number, and much more romantic than those the music master had written to her daughter Lucilla. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or a word she had never attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, and something in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any one on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it came her husband, angered and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence; then, having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great armchair, and the letters in voice of thunder:

"The letters," in voice of thunder, "Those absurd letters, if you please, my dear ma'am."

And then then the little woman faltered:

"I—that is—I believe—yes, dear—I believe I have them," and gave him a white pile of envelopes, encircled with blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

As for Lucilla, she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and felt sure if papa should prove cruel she should die.

"For Lucilla, she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and felt sure if papa should prove cruel she should die."

"Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucill," said the indignant parent. "I am shocked that a child of mine could practice such duplicity. Hem! let me see. Number one, I believe—June—and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us then Lucilla. Let me see—ah! From the first moment he adored you, eh? Non sense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment. With your smiles for his goal, he win with fame and fortune, poor as he is!" Fiddlesticks, Lucilla! A man who has common sense would always wait until he had a fair commencement before he proposed to a girl.

"Praise of your beauty. The loveliest creature he ever saw! Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. Must hear from you or die! Dear, dear! How absurd!"

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter and took up another.

"The same stuff," he commented. "I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of a man would never go into such rhapsodies, I am sure. Ah! how I could not bear it. Indeed I could not. He is poor, I know, but he is a gentleman, and I like him so much."

"Those who would formid me to see you can not fault with me but my poverty. I am honest and earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you from my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, Lucilla."

"Great heavens, what impertinence to your parents!"

"I don't remember Fred's saying anything of the kind," said poor little Lucilla. "He never knew you would object."

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on in silence until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then with an ejaculation of rage, he started to his feet.

"Infamous!" he cried: "I'll go to him this instant—I'll horsehip him—I'll—I'll murder him! As for you, by Jove, I'll send you to a convent. Elope, elope with a music teacher! I'm ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's my hat? Give me my boots. Here, John, call a cab!—I—" But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.

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all was silent except the falling earth and timber, which suddenly gave forty feet above in one grand crash, and sunk, with the other ground, to the lower level of the mine, where all that is mortal of Patrick Price now lies buried beneath thousands of tons and timbers, perhaps never to be exhumed. For the present it is impossible for men to approach the place of the cave, and it is expected that another huge mass of the old works will fall before morning. Price had worked in the mine for eighteen months, and was a faithful, sober, honest, industrious man, beloved by all his fellow miners and the foreman of the mine. He was a native of Ireland 28 years of age, and unmarried.

## PARAGRAPHIC CRUMBS.

A Successful Alibi.—A fellow in Philadelphia the other day, accused of stealing a violin, scored the injurious aspersion upon his honor, and claimed the benefit of an alibi. He proved his innocence by the records of the court, showing thereby that when the fiddle was stolen, he was saving out a sentence for stealing a bass drum.

Square Gimblets.—"I want to see some of your gimblets," said a greenhorn one day, as he entered a hardware-store. The dealer took down several parcels, neither of which suited. "Well, then, what kind do you want? here is almost every variety." "Why, darn it, I want them what bores square holes."

Courage.—As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets of Montreal at midnight, a patrol called out, "Who's there?" "It is I, patrol," said she; "don't be afraid."

Very well," said Coranda.

There was an old shed in the yard of which was falling to pieces. The carpenters came to repair it, and began, as usual, by tearing down the roof. Coranda took a ladder and mounted the roof of the house, which was quite new. Shingles, lath, nails, and tiles, he tore off everything, and scattered them all to the winds. When the farmer returned the house was open to the sky.

Villain! said he, what new trick have you played me?

I have obeyed you, master, answered Coranda. You told me to stay at home, and do exactly what he said.

A few days after the farmer and his wife went to market. Fearing the terrible servant, they told him to stay at home, and do exactly what he said.

Very well," said Coranda.

What is the difference 'twixt a watch and a feather bed, Sam?" "Dunno—gin it up," "Because the ticking of the watch is on the inside, and the ticken of the bed is on the outside."

A Raw One.—"Fine chance for a man to live on wind," said an old fellow to a Grahamite, after an east wind had been blowing constantly for a week. "Yes," said the man of sand, "but then one of sand and wind is all raw."

A definitive Answer.—"Marriage!"

"Define it if you can, sir?"

an answer.

A very unpopular officer for the ladies—General Housework.

The pretties neck-tie for a lady—



## IRISH NEWS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1867.

## Foreign News.

LONDON, October 20.—A despatch from Paris announces that Italy has positively pledged herself to enforce the provisions of the September treaty. The French expedition is accordingly abandoned. Orders for the sailing of the fleet at Toulon are countermanded, and the troops are disbanding. The insurgents in consequence of this action, have evacuated the Roman territory.

It is reported that the leading European Powers will unite with France in a joint intervention for the settlement of the Roman question. The French Cabinet have addressed a circular to its diplomatic representatives, solemnly pledging France to enforce the September treaty.

FLORENCE, October 21.—Ratazzi has resigned. The King has summoned Cialdini to form a new ministry. The people suspect that the new Cabinet is being formed in the interests of France. Petitions are pouring in from all parts of Italy protesting against the description of the national cause. Ratazzi to-night addressed a large crowd who were making demonstrations in favor of Garibaldi, assuring them that the King would maintain the honor of the Government.

Garibaldi has issued a proclamation which adds to the popular excitement. He urges the people of Italy to persevere in the struggle.

LONDON, October 21, Midnight. Accounts from the Papal States are conflicting. Florence telegrams say Garibaldi still maintains his position and is hourly being reinforced. Rome telegrams say all the insurgents have evacuated the Roman Territory and abandoned the attempt.

MARSEILLE, October 21.—The Turkish Vizier has met a deputation of Cretan insurgents in the presence of the Consuls of all foreign powers. The insurgents insist on the cession of the island to Greece.

BERLIN, October 21. The new postal treaty with the United States was signed to-day. The new domestic postal law passed and will operate through the entire confederation. The bill contains a clause that private letters shall be inviolate.

ST. PETERSBURG, October 21. The treaty for the sale of Alaska has been ratified by the Russian Government.

DUBLIN, October 21. The informer Reilly was shot and badly wounded. Several policemen were recently shot, but none seriously hurt.

The trials of prominent alleged Fenians will occur by special commission November 25th. It is said the Washington Government will provide a defense for Nagle and Warren.

PARIS, October 22. The Moniteur announces the expedition to Italy countermanded, Italy having pledged an observance of the treaty of September.

FLORENCE, October 22. Cialdini has been unable to form a new cabinet, and abandoned the task. It is possible Ratazzi may remain in the cabinet with some change in the ministry. The popular agitation is great throughout Italy and an exceedingly bitter feeling is shown against France. Victor Emmanuel is loaded with reproaches for yielding.

FLORENCE, October 22. The news to-night is glorious for the cause of Italy. But the government has deemed it best to suppress the details for the present. Cialdini has succeeded in forming a new Ministry.

All efforts of the police to discover the whereabouts of Garibaldi are futile. A number of citizens had an audience with the King to-day, and implored his Majesty for the liberation of Rome. Menotti (Garibaldi) is reported lying sick in the province of Umbria.

PARIS, October 24. The latest cabinet represent the new Italian cabinet as incomplete. Gen. Durando is hesitating to accept a portfolio, and Ratazzi is still acting Prime Minister.

FLORENCE, October 26th. Victor Emmanuel's soldiers refuse to fight against Garibaldi. It is considered certain that a new Ministry will be formed, and that it will be thoroughly radical, and whose policy will be to make Rome the Capital of Italy.

ROME, October 26th. The Pope, in a letter to the Bishops, asks them to order prayer for the Holy See. The Pope, in searching houses, met with resistance and used bayonets. They killed fifteen Garibaldians and wounded thirty-six, and captured a quantity of arms and bombs.

## FENIANISM.

In your last issue, I recommended that, in view of two Conventions of the F. B. being called to meet in this city on the 15th instant, it will be a fitting time to take such action as might lead to a union of the two into one. At any rate if some such action is not taken, and the happy result of a union of the Fenians in this State effected, it will not be the fault of the people at large, but of the elements composing those conventions. The Irish people in California and all over the United States, desire most sincerely, unity and peace, instead of interminable wrangling, as has been seen in, and has been the result of every convention that has been held since the impeachment of John P. Mahony. There is no real cause of division among the Fenians in California. Unhappily for them, men have been sent by them to their conventions, who were never sent by any body, civil, religious or military, to a convention before, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, that they do not know how to demean themselves while sitting in their new positions. Not that they lack intelligence or ability; these they possess to an average extent; but they seem to be wanting in prudence, in moderation, and in personal considerations for one another. They should bear in mind that they are not sent by their constituents to hold a domestic dispute as to whether P. Mahony or Stevens, Roberts, or any one else were in the wrong. The settlement of these matters, our Californian conventions should leave to New York, Cleveland, Chicago, and Jones Wood to settle as they see fit, and fight, and divide, and split over the attempt to legislate upon them, if they will choose to do so. But surely they should not draw our innocent, true, and confiding Californian Fenians into the whirlpool of their vexed disputes, nor into the vortex of their heated dissensions. Therefore, with your permission, Mr. Editor, let me ask again, that our Californian Fenians may act separate and independent of all such influences. Erect upon this, the grandest country in the world, an independent Fenian standard. Show to the world that you are not the friend nor the ally of dissensionists: that you are capable and willing to have a mind and an organization of your own. Publish to the world a programme and a "platform" that shall command the admiration, the confidence, the support of all true patriots and lovers of Freedom. A platform that civilization shall not blush to own as an auxiliary in the march of human progress. But whatever plans operation you may decide upon, be sure and first adopt a declaration of total independence from all existing denominations of Fenians. Could you now recall your \$100,000, which has been gathered, raked and scraped, from the hard-working, industrious and over credulous Irish people of this coast, and which has been sent off as drift-wood upon the ocean of oblivion, it would be well; but that is gone forever, beyond the power of recalling. One thing you can do, and that is, take care of the future thousands, or tens of thousands which it is yet in your power to raise. See that no more money is thrown away, and lost to you and yours forever. Invest your money in home societies. Join with the Immigration Aid Society. Couple your funds with theirs; and in less than a half a century, the whole population of Ireland can be transplanted upon American soil. By going in as a body into the Immigrant Aid Society, the California F. B. can do more good for the Irish people at home, and in one-half the time, than they can do by one hundred years of Fenian agitation, which as it has been followed out for the past five or ten years, is two-thirds visionary and utterly impracticable. Then, I most earnestly implore both conventions, when they meet, to take these matters into their most earnest consideration; and should they fail to meet the views of the delegates assembled, they will still remain the honest convictions and settled views of their friend, brother, and well-wisher.

## JUNIOR.

The debt of the United States is about two billions and five hundred millions. We do not know the exact amount of the debt of Great Britain, but it is about the same as that of the United States.

Colored candidates have been nominated for the State Convention by the radicals of Dallas, Montgomery, Greene, and Hall counties, Alabama.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

CONTRA COSTA CO., Nov. 4th, 1867.

DEAR NEWS.—I date my letter in Contra Costa county, but in what particular spot, matters little to me or to you, for I will speak of several parts of it, but mostly of the parts I have traveled through, and where I have been kindly received and treated. I have seen so many good and bad things, that it is out of my power to relate all of them to you at once, so I will in this letter confine myself only to a few of the most prominent. Oakland, being the nearest point of the county to San Francisco, for Goat Island is not yet annexed, it was upon its gory soil, I made my debut. I say gory, because had the blood of the Sauflys been dried up, the ground was again wetted by the blood of Richardson. But this was nothing but a murder, and murders are yet to be so, for some time, at least. I stood at the depot, as the marshal came rushing along in his buggy, side by side with the negro, who had dyed his hands in the blood of Richardson, but an half-hour before; the marshal arrested him and drove him fast in his buggy to the station-house, so that he may not be lynched by the people. The particulars of this bloody deed has already been pretty well published in the newspapers, so I will here break off the subject, only that I was an eye witness, not to the shooting, but to the marshal, just as he sat in his buggy after having delivered his prisoner into the arms of the law—the police station. I heard the marshal say that he arrested the prisoner while the corpse of Richardson still lay bleeding and lifeless upon the doorstep of the prisoner. I went to the place. It was on market street, about four or five blocks from the depot. Before I arrived the body had been removed into town, but I stood for a moment to gaze upon the scene of the tragedy. The house is an old frame one story building, standing alone upon one end of the lot which might be about half an acre of ground. The nearest house might be one or two hundred yards distant. A pistol of small report, fired at the door where Richardson was was killed might have not been heard at the nearest house. He mounted the step, knocked at the door—having a warrant for the arrest of the murderer—the door was opened, and in an instant the pistol was placed to the left side of the officer's neck, not an inch above the collar-bone, and the jugular vein was cut in two, the man fell back, his feet still resting upon the doorstep, and in a minute or two bled to death, the negro retreating into the house and locking the door again, and there he was found and arrested by the marshal. To the many questions asked by the people as to what will be done to the negro, I answer that he will be tried by the court and the laws, for he is now in the hands of both, and there can be no doubt that his case will receive due attention from them.

## ON TO SAN PABLO.

It is pleasing to leave a dismal story of murder, and enter upon one less so. There are two stages leaving Oakland daily upon the arrival of the nine o'clock boat from San Francisco. One of these take the "Telegraph" road which takes a route along and through the foothills, until it reaches Pacheco, not touching at San Pablo or Martinez. The other stage, or stages; for there is an opposition on the road from Oakland to San Pablo, which carries passengers for fifty cents, a distance of twelve miles, runs to San Pablo only. There is no stage connection from San Pablo to Martinez, which is 18 or 20 miles. I shall say nothing of the gentleman who sends the stages out of Oakland, as he has refused to show the ordinary courtesy due by all public carriers to the agents of the public press—a free pass on his line.

## [CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

REGISTRATION.—The total of registered voters in the South is figured up at 607,646 whites and 615,642 colored voters. The blacks have the majority in South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, and the whites in Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas, and Texas. Mr. Charles H. Porter, who has been stamping Virginia for the radicals is said to estimate that the negro vote of that State will be nearly equally divided between the "white wing" and the "Hunnicut wing" of the Republican party.

Colored candidates have been nominated for the State Convention by the radicals of Dallas, Montgomery, Greene, and Hall counties, Alabama.

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HEALTH OFFICER'S ANNUAL REPORT.

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DEAR NEWS.—I date my letter in Contra Costa county, but in what particular spot, matters little to me or to you, for I will speak of several parts of it, but mostly of the parts I have traveled through, and where I have been kindly received and treated. I have seen so many good and bad things, that it is out of my power to relate all of them to you at once, so I will in this letter confine myself only to a few of the most prominent. Oakland, being the nearest point of the county to San Francisco, for Goat Island is not yet annexed, it was upon its gory soil, I made my debut. I say gory, because had the blood of the Sauflys been dried up, the ground was again wetted by the blood of Richardson. But this was nothing but a murder, and murders are yet to be so, for some time, at least. I stood at the depot, as the marshal came rushing along in his buggy, side by side with the negro, who had dyed his hands in the blood of Richardson, but an half-hour before; the marshal arrested him and drove him fast in his buggy to the station-house, so that he may not be lynched by the people. The particulars of this bloody deed has already been pretty well published in the newspapers, so I will here break off the subject, only that I was an eye witness, not to the shooting, but to the marshal, just as he sat in his buggy after having delivered his prisoner into the arms of the law—the police station. I heard the marshal say that he arrested the prisoner while the corpse of Richardson still lay bleeding and lifeless upon the doorstep of the prisoner. I went to the place. It was on market street, about four or five blocks from the depot. Before I arrived the body had been removed into town, but I stood for a moment to gaze upon the scene of the tragedy. The house is an old frame one story building, standing alone upon one end of the lot which might be about half an acre of ground. The nearest house might be one or two hundred yards distant. A pistol of small report, fired at the door where Richardson was was killed might have not been heard at the nearest house. He mounted the step, knocked at the door—having a warrant for the arrest of the murderer—the door was opened, and in an instant the pistol was placed to the left side of the officer's neck, not an inch above the collar-bone, and the jugular vein was cut in two, the man fell back, his feet still resting upon the doorstep, and in a minute or two bled to death, the negro retreating into the house and locking the door again, and there he was found and arrested by the marshal. To the many questions asked by the people as to what will be done to the negro, I answer that he will be tried by the court and the laws, for he is now in the hands of both, and there can be no doubt that his case will receive due attention from them.

## ON TO SAN PABLO.

It is pleasing to leave a dismal story of murder, and enter upon one less so. There are two stages leaving Oakland daily upon the arrival of the nine o'clock boat from San Francisco. One of these take the "Telegraph" road which takes a route along and through the foothills, until it reaches Pacheco, not touching at San Pablo or Martinez. The other stage, or stages; for there is an opposition on the road from Oakland to San Pablo, which carries passengers for fifty cents, a distance of twelve miles, runs to San Pablo only. There is no stage connection from San Pablo to Martinez, which is 18 or 20 miles. I shall say nothing of the gentleman who sends the stages out of Oakland, as he has refused to show the ordinary courtesy due by all public carriers to the agents of the public press—a free pass on his line.

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